The Exhortatioun to the Lordis

DLusty lordis, & barrounis yat bene bauld
That for gude caus ar now assēblit heir
Pluk up zour harts, lat not zour curage
And pryse ye lord zour capitane in weir. (cauld
Will ze him serue ze neid nocht for to feir,
The craft, the wit, nor policie of man
For quhy the Lord will zit zour Baner beir,
As he hes done sen first this caus began.

Haue ze forzet how that he did vs luif,
That tyme at leith quhē strangers did persew
Our enemeis harts ze saw that he did muif
To cum our Tweid vs to help and reskew.
Quhair we and thay our enemeis ourthrew
Making vs fre that lang in thrall had bene.
Syne in this Realme planted his gospel trew
but schedding blud, quhilk hes not zit bene sene

Fra ze began from blude to purge this land
Thay murtherars thay neuer durst zow bide
He gaif hir anis, and put hir in zour hand
But ony blude, vpon Carbarrie syde.
Syne efter that, quhen lymmers lousit ȳ bryde
He laucht for zow vpon the Langsyde hill
Zour fais wist not in what hoil pane to hyde
Sū thaist, sum slane, sum tane into zour will.

He send Moyses to gouerne zow and gyde
Zour commoun weill to reule and als redres
quhairthrow vis realme but rest did rin & ryde
Go bring the same, to rest and quyetnes.
His diligence my toung can not expres
Planting Iustice baith in Burgh and land
Dātīng rebels, quhilk proudly did transgres,
His mark rāg not, gif yat his dayis had stand.

Richt prudently the Lord he did prouyde
For zow from tyme, he saw yat he was slane,
And wald not thoill, zow be without a gyde
Bot efter Moyses he raist Josua agane.
Zow to conduct to ye land of Canan
Wair fortunat nor Moyses was befoir
In faitis of weir ane worthy Capitane
The Gentiles lands to pow for to restoir.

Thair Parliament of Linlithgow he did stay
Syne Bzechen gat it, baid him not ane blast
Down was geuin our, for feir of weir assay
Dallay he wan, and now Dunbartane last
His Capitanis maid all his fais agast,
Sum tane, sum slane, sum chaist into the se
Thir deids suld not, with silence be our past,
Bot worthie ar Eternall Memorie.

Zour Godly caus hes now tane gude successe
In Ingland lait, I neid it not declair,
Quhair my lord Chancelar tuik great besines
With pour gude freind the Clerk of Registair
Thair trauell, wit, nor gudis yat did not spair
For to vphald the kings Authoritie,
In presence of thay strangers that wer thair
Working for him in his Minoritie.

Ze do tryumph, all eit that ze be few
Zour enemeis thay dar zow not gane stand,
Quhat ze do schaip, ye Lord him self dois schaw
Quhat ze desyre, he wirkis it with his hand.

Thairfor mak haist, lat nane be in this land,
To leif lyke Lords, syne proudly to rebell
Gar thame baith sweir and subscriue ye band
Or failzeand this, do with thair leuings mell.

And gif ze dreid, yat sum will aithis ouirhaill,
And will not keip, nor zit obserue thair bands
For Sarling hald the bow fast be the taill
Appoint nane sic but pledgis in zour hands.
And keip thame sure, sen ze se as it stands
For cum that tyme that all yat sort desyris,
Thay wil but dout send zow in uncouth lāds
To seir che and seik, zour meit into the myris.

Sen thair Intent, to zow was neuer gude
As be thair deids richt cleirly may be sene
Gif thame na leif to play with pow buk heid,
As thay haif done, ay waitand on yair quene.
Bot puneis all the quhilk ye knaw vncleue
Of outher blude, & quyte yame for yair meids
And spair all sic will serue his grace serene,
And had na wyte of neuther of thair deids.

I wald ye did sum mair at this Conuentiō,
Nor did your fais at thairs thay held at Pace
Quhat yai did yair, I neid not to mak mētiō
Bot weill I wait, sū of yame rewis yat race.
Zit top of wit was borne vp throw ye streit,
This commoun weil had stand in better race
Had it fallin in his toung sell in his feir.

Sen God hes put the sword into your hand
Justice to do alyke to riche and pure,
Tak heid yairfoir and na wise tyrk command
Be circumspect of this pour charge and cure
Gif ye neglect, than God I zow assure
Will frō yat zowme thoill zow to be detrusit
Planting vthers into that charge ye bure
And gif yat sword to yame can rychtly vsit.

Be bent yairfoir, and byde not this in blūder,
Bauth the word of God & cōmoun weil anāce
Ze neid na ma bot Gedions thre hunder
To quhip your fais or yai get help of France
Mak to lyke mē sen ye haif ordinance, (yame
Ding dreffen doū yat hald quhairin yai pryde
Bring in ye nor ȳ with bissart bow & Lance,
Gif thay rebell with tyre and sword ouir ryde
(yame
how & quhat way ye suld appoint your bordour
Maddeis counsall is verray excellent
Scho did preserue ane gude & godly ordour
That to perfoyme, had ye bene diligent:
Hard ye the pure, I wait ye wald lament
Sa cruelly thay Tyrants dois oppres thame,
Slaying yame selfis, yair gudis reit and rent
For feir of God, I pray pow to redres thame.

Quhat mā did help of grāge now dois appeir
His cloikit craft of malice dois outspring,
As in his Proclamatiouns ye may weir
He dois Rebell and will not serue the King.
Traitours yai ar, agane pow to maling,
He being Crownit in lauchfull Parliament,
Quha dares sa fleit with him into yat Ring,
To his Crowning baith sweir & gaif consent.

Quhen the Regent gaif him that hauld ye saw
He was the Kingis, & sweir thairfoir to stand,
Albeit yat now, his grace he will nocht knaw,
Nor zit Lennox for Regent of this land.
Zit Robert Hepburne being in his hand
And saifly entrit within that place,
He said he was reset by his command
And send Robert to my Lord Regents grace.

Quhill yat he gat yat hauld and hous in hand,
Into this caus he was baith bent and bauld
Bot fra thyne furth than he gaif ouir yat band
And in this caus he leit his curage cauld.
This is the treuth as trew men to me tauld,
That samin tyme his maister was on lyue
He wald not lat him enter in that hauld
With na seruands bot outher four or fyue.

He hes not onlie fucrnit fra our actioun
Bot dowbill murther he dois fortifie
Desyring bargane of ony of our factioun,
Of his degre, estait, and qualitie.
We haue nane sic, ye knaw in cumpanie,
Him for to match quhilk playit ye dowbil knaif
For first he slew ane Maister cruellie,
And syne betraist the last ye may perfaif.

Bot zit I knaw yair is ane hundreth heir
Of gentill men, and cum of Royall Race
On hors or fute, with quhinger sword or speir,
Dar weill him matche, & meit him face for face
And preif him fals and Traitour in this cace
He dar not fecht for this is his refuge,
He wald compeir at euery tyme and place
Gif that he had ane vnsuspect Judge.

And als ye se, he plainly dois accuse,
The Regents grace of cruell Tyrannie
Ageanis his fais quhilk he dois schaw and vse
In casting doun baith place and policie,
Sen thay misknaw thair Iust Authoritie,
And will not serue, nor zit obey commands
Ze may be Law subuert thair places hie,
Syne tak fra thame yair lyuis geir and lands.

I knaw thir letters ye fand into Dunbartane
Quhilk dois declair his dowbil deids Indoung
Is only caus, I am baith sure and certane
Quhilk garris him mak yis boist & manassing.
Bot zit ye knaw it is ane commoun thing
For weill I wait ye haue sene mony sic,
Tuiche anis the gaw, & yan the bezs wil fling
Fra tyme ye spur and hit him on the quic.

It is your bous that maks him be sa bauld,
Ageane baith God and King for to disdane
Except the Lord be watchman of the hauld,
The Psalmist sayis thair watching is in vane
As ye haue sene within thir monethis twane,
Ane greiter strenth ye gat as I record,
Swa will ye zone, to God gif ye be bane
And swa commits your wisdomis to the Lord

FINIS.

Imprentit at Striuiling be Robert Lekpreuik. Anno. Do. 1571.